

A Tear in Space 4: Knots, part 1

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Summary: I was getting so many reviews on the others, that I felt I had to post the first part of what I had. SO, here it is! Sith invasion

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A Tear in Space 4: Knots

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Disclaimer: Star Wars belongs to George Lucas, and Animorphs belongs to Scholastic. I make no money off of this.

Note: This will be the last of the "A Tear in Space" stories, or at least the last with the Animorphs in them. I will take the series into other crossovers, and will move it into that section. Well, maybe.

Qui-Gon Jinn sat in one of the many Jedi meditation gardens, deep in a self-induced trance. He was submerged in the Living Force, in touch with the threads of life that bound all living things. In his mind's eye, he could see all the universe connected by a vast web of energy, and it was the most beautiful thing he knew.

Qui-Gon had made it a habit to meditate in this place every time he and his Master returned from a mission. It was one of his favorite places, with the scent of growing things in his nose, and mind.

Qui-Gon was eighteen, now, and he had been a Padawan since he was twelve. He had established a reputation early as one of the best swordsmen in the order, with a habit of getting involved with causes that most Jedi would ignore. He wondered if he would ever be able to make them understand how the small effected the large, and not just

vice-versa. Everything was connected.

So, when he was his most frustrated, he came here.

This had been one of the worst episodes yet. While he had not come out and _said_ that his Master would let the villagers die, he had implied it. He had to agree that the message they were acting as couriers for was of extreme importance, it could have waited a little while longer. Those people had needed their help now.

He wasn't going to think about that. Not now. He was here to stretch out his mind, and rest. He took a deep breath, and-

Fear-pain-sadness-fear-pain-sadness

What? He thought, and looked around. There was no one in the garden with him.

Help! Someone! Make him go away, please! Stop him. Kill him. Kill me!

--

Someone, he didn't know who, was in horrible pain, and the force of that person's agony, fear, desire for oblivion, was shocking. Qui-Gon could taste madness lurking at the edges of this person's mind, and he was almost pulled into its maelstrom. He nearly fell from his bench seat.

The litany of madness went on and on, forever in an endless loop. Then, without warning, it was cut off, like it had never existed.

The total _lack_ of mental "noise" did make him fall from his bench.

Qui-Gon suddenly found himself staring ****up**** at the bench he had recently been sitting on. He couldn't remember how he had gotten there. He sat up with a groan.

He couldn't find the mind that he had accidentally (?) overheard. He might never have actually heard it, given the lack of alarm he could feel from the rest of the Temple.

He glanced around, hoping to see someone in the same state that he was.

Nothing.

Standing up was not an easy chore. With an effort, he got to his feet, and went to find his Master. Maybe he could investigate.

With a grimace, he thought of his last mission.

Then again, maybe not.

The Animorphs had been living fairly status quo lives in the months that passed since they had met Lory. For the most part, life had involved the occasional hair brained scheme by Visser 3, strange time

disruptions, the danger of planetary bodies colliding, and getting their homework done. It was even a little boring.

Yeah, right, thought Cassie, as she carefully cleaned out a squirrel's cage. When was life ever boring for an Animorph?

It had taken her a little while to finish her barn work tonight, mostly because of the cold. When your hands are numb, she thought wryly, there isn't much you can do with them.

A stray noise made her look up to the hayloft. It always made her wonder, had they won that one? Would Lory be able to prevent all the pain that the Emperor would cause? Was there any chance that Star Wars was just a movie, and not something that showed the future events of another universe?

Why was she concentrating on this when she was supposed to be cleaning cages?

With a sigh, she got back to work. Nothing she could do about it now, anyway.

Beside her, she heard the familiar sound of wings.

"Hi, Tobias," she greeted her friend, without turning around.

Hey, he replied. She could hear him fluff his feathers.

"What's up?" she asked, making small talk.

Not much, he answered. Just the same old, same old. I just came by to see how you were doing.

"Well, you can see, I'm fine. What's on your mind?"

Um,- he mumbled, sounding flustered. Finally, he sighed. I don't know what it is. I keep feeling like we need to do something. I wish I knew what.

"Tell me about it," Cassie mumbled. "I can't seem to concentrate on anything. My mind keeps straying back to Star Wars."

You wonder if Lory was successful or not?

"Yeah. You'd think that the movies would change if she had managed to kill the Sith. Yet, we know that because they are movies here, just stories made for entertainment, there is not reason for them to change, even if she did prevent the rise of the Empire. Still, I'm afraid that-

Yeah, I know. The feeling that I keep having of not finishing something is overwhelming. I wish there were some way for us to get back there, so we could find out for sure. It's like, it's like, being in a monthly book series that never ends, and had completely lost sight of the original plot!

"You too, huh?"

Man, I wish there was some way for us to get back there! I want to know what happened!

Meanwhile, universes away, and years apart, Qui-Gon was pondering what had happened to his friend Lory, as well.

He had not heard from her since the night she had left the temple. There had been nothing to indicate that there was anything wrong, but stillâ€¦

He hated not knowing.

He didn't have anytime to worry about that now, however. He still had to find out where that strange communication had come from.

Darth Sidious looked around his/her meditation chamber with surprise. When he had taken over this body, he had believed that he had eradicated the original personality within. It had been something of a shock, when he had felt the former Padawan Lory suddenly scream out to whoever could hear her.

Snarling, he had smothered the voice as best he could. Then he had gone hunting for the impertinent little mind that had hidden from him for so long.

He found nothing.

The frustration he felt could have melted duracrete.

Apparently, the mind had hidden again; in some places that even his Dark Side powers could not search out. He put the matter aside. After all these years, it really didn't matter if Lory still existed in some fashion. It had taken her this long to even find some way to scream. Surely there was nothing else she could do. Yes, that had to be it. Now, he would turn his attention back to the fascinating things he had learned from her brain when he had taken up residence there. There was another universe, one that he could easily use the superior technology and Force capabilities of this universe to conquer the other. It would be simple.

He/she laughed. It would be fun.

The Ellimist had never felt anything like it. He had been observing the Animorphs, the way that he usually did, when a tearing sensation seared through his being. He was a creature of energy, with no mortal body, and that very lack should have exempted him from any pain that could be physically inflicted upon him.

Yet, the ability that let him see and feel the threads of space-time seemed to be warping in a way that should have been impossible. Nothing in this universe should have been able to do this. Only something not of this plane could cause it!

Blow after blow rained down on the strained form of the Ellimist, making him feel shattered. Pure, other worldly hatred tore at his mind, burning, freezing, shredding-

As suddenly as this attack began, it was over. Observing the few threads that remained in his grip, he saw that the Animorphs might have the answer to what was going on. It was a long shot, as the humans would say, but it was all that he could do.

Cassie had never felt anything like it. She was tending cages one minute, and the next-

Cassie? Cassie get up! What happened?

Cassie hadn't a clue as to how she had gotten on the floor.

Cassie, answer me! It's me, Tobias!

"Ah- I â€" she broke off into a coughing fit.

Are you all right? Do I need to get help?

"I'm fine. I think," she amended, feeling wobbly.

Well, what happened? Tobias demanded, sounding a little miffed, now that the danger was passed.

"I heard, I don't know, maybe feeling was the right wordâ€¦ I felt someone cry out for help. It wasn't like when Ax needed help. It was different. This was likeâ€¦" she sighed, and tried to form a coherent description of what had gone on.

"I saw, a giant hammer, pounding away at a table. Then, it became a giant blowtorch, one that was ripping its way through, something. I don't know what. I just know that it was evil. I also heard a cry for help, and a wish for death. It didn't make any sense," she finished, shaking her head to clear it.

What was evil? The something, or the blowtorch? asked Tobias.

"The torch, I think."

Without warning, they heard a running sound.

Whoa! shouted Ax, and he barely managed to miss hitting them head on.

"Toto, we aren't playing video games anymore," said Marco.

Both he and Jake were sitting on a hay bale, with their hands in the air, like they had been holding something a moment before.

Then came Rachel, who was not wearing anything but her underwear. She was looking at something, like she was staring at a mirror.

"WHAT?" she screamed, and ran behind one of the hay bales.

Marco leered.

Snickering, not able to help herself, Cassie went into her house, and found some clothes for her to put on.

"What," she said with a little more dignity, " happened?"

EASILY EXPLAINED, RACHEL, said an all too familiar voice.

Sounding disgusted, all the Animorphs said together, "Elimist."

"Why, I thought you would be delighted to see me," came a voice from behind them.

Turning, they saw the incredibly old man guise that the Ellimist usually took. By now, they were beyond being impressed.

"What do you want, Ellimist?" asked Jake, in that super calm way he used only when he was scared stiff.

"I felt a strange disturbance-" he began.

"In the Force?" interjected Marco.

"No," replied the Ellimist. "I was observing you, when I felt what seemed to be a disturbance in the space-time continuum. It was like something of _incredible_ negative energy had hit the very essence of space time."

"Like a hammer, or a blow torch?" whispered Cassie, sounding like she would rather be somewhere else.

"That is a very simplistic way of putting it, but accurate," he answered her, looking at Cassie with renewed respect. "How would you know about it?"

She passed out, a moment ago, piped up Tobias.

"I felt like someone had been hitting something," she told him.

"Then, inside it all, I felt what could be called a cry for help, and the desire for self destruction. It was one of the weirdest things I have ever felt in my life, and that's saying something."

"I didn't hear anything like that," the Ellimist said curiously.

"I-"

"This is interesting and all," Rachel said, sounding ticked. "But what does that have to do with you ripping me out of the dressing rooms at the Gap?"

"I looked at the threads of time and space that I still had in my hands. They said that you would know something about what had happened. I had hoped that I could obtain your help in finding out what had caused this disturbance."

"So , the great and almighty Ellimist needs our help?" Marco said snidely.

"Since you don't seem to know anymore than I do, then maybe not," shot back the Ellimist.

Qui-Gon Jinn was wondering what to do about that strange feeling he had gotten earlier that day, when his Master called him into his chambers.

"Qui-Gon," said the aged Master. "I think it is time for you to go to the trials."

Qui-Gon couldn't believe it. He had been wondering when his Master would call him ready, but this was so unexpected!

And, most unwanted. The trials would keep him away from investigating the disturbance he had felt, and he could feel the Force leading him in such a direction.

"Master, I felt a strange disturbance in the Living Force today. I need to investigate that before I can even consider the trials," he told his Master.

"You have been desiring to take the trials for a very long time, and now, you turn the chance down?" the great swordsman said incredulously.

"I," Qui-Gon started to say, then stopped. Yes, he did want to take the trials, but this seemed more important.

Gulping, he finished what he had started.

"No, Master. At this time, I do not want to take the trials."

Whirling around quickly, not wanting to see the disappointment that he knew would be on his Master's face, he left the room.

Qui-Gon eventually returned to the same meditation gardens that he had felt the strange voice in. He was having a difficult time reestablishing the peace that would be needed. Then, he felt the Force as he never had before.

Turning around, he saw it.

It looked like something from a pre-space flight culture. It was an incredibly old, stone bridge. The coverings on it were wooden, and they too, were old. Moss blanketed many of the boulders making up the body.

He was called. The Force sang to him as he looked at it, even as a part of his conscious, sane mind roared at him that it couldn't be. In fact, it continued shouting, even as he crossed, into another world.

Author's note: I know that it has been a long time since I posted the last chapter, but since I got so many reviews earlier, I decided that I would whet your appetites. Enjoy!

End
file.